

Where Mosquitoes Are a Blessing.
In Havana, Cuba, two physicians have lifted upon the happy idea of using mosquitoes to inoculate fresh arrivals in the city against yellow fever. The mosquitoes are first made to contaminate themselves by stinging a diseased person.

The inoculation brings on a mild attack of the fever, but when that has passed away the patient enjoys immunity not only from the disease, but, what is even more curious, from the bites of the insects that have saved him.

Sea Food Out of the Common.
Speaking of sea food out of the common, Captain Herendeen said:

"I have eaten seal and walrus steaks, and the walrus is much better than the seal. The flesh of the latter is dark, while the walrus is much on the order of beef, the fiber being coarse. I have eaten the flesh of the devil fish more than once, and have found it palatable. It resembles lobster, extremely, but is much tougher. It makes by no means a bad dish."

Deafness Cannot Be Cured
by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed, the sound vibrations are intercepted, and when it is entirely closed, deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and the tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever.

It is a common error to suppose that deafness is caused by catarrh of the ear, and that it can be cured by local applications. It cannot be cured by local applications, but it can be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars free.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

If You Cannot Get Dreydoppel
Scalp of any dealer in your town, write to the manufacturer, and give the names of the storekeepers. Address: William Dreydoppel, the practical soap-maker and chemist, Philadelphia, Pa.

This permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of our Great Nerve Restorer. Strial bottle and treatise free. Dr. R. H. Kline, Ltd., 901 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

Mrs. Whinlow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c. a bottle.

After six years' suffering I was cured by P. K. Cure. —MAY THOMPSON, 234 Ohio Ave., Allegheny, Pa., March 18, 1894.

Rheumatism

Caused Great Suffering—A Well Man Since Taking Hood's.

"I was afflicted with rheumatism and have been a great sufferer with this disease and also with stomach and heart troubles, but thanks to Hood's Sarsaparilla I am now a well man. My wife has been cured of kidney disease by Hood's Sarsaparilla." —AUG. SCHREIBER, 347 West 50th Street, New York, N. Y.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the best—In fact the One True Blood Purifier.

Hood's Pills cure all liver ills. 25 cents.

A Joke on Senator Giddings.
When Chase was elected Senator Joshua B. Giddings was the cautious nominee of the anti-slavery people; but he lacked two votes. Chase got those votes and the entire opposition, and was elected. In the memorable speech of Stephen A. Douglas on the Kansas-Nebraska Bill there was interpolated a fierce quarrel between Chase and Giddings, over the way Chase got to be a Senator. Two years after Chase beat Giddings under the same circumstances. When they were young men Wade and Giddings practiced law in the same town. One day they were on opposite sides of a case, and Giddings, while addressing the jury, attempted to quote the well-known lines of Iago:

"Good name in man and woman dear, my lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls;
Who steals my purse steals trash; 'tis something, nothing;
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands;
But he that filches from me my good name
Robs me of what I truly am."

Here Giddings stammered and halted, repeating the words, of which he had forgotten the connection, and utterly broke down. Wade slipped up behind him and whispered, "that I never had," and Giddings, glad of help from any quarter, blurted out, "that I never had." Afterward they became partners in the practice of law and firm friends. —New York Mail and Express.

Where Smuggling Is the Correct Thing.
At Nogales, Arizona, there is a famous cigar store and drinking resort, patronized openly and above board by even the Federal authorities, that is built exactly plumb with the international boundary line. It boasts a little bay window abutting on the southern wall that pays taxes to the Mexican Republic. In the bay window is a choice selection of Mexican cigars, that are smoked chiefly in the United States, without ever paying a cent of import duty. John T. Brickwood is the proprietor of this place. Mr. Brickwood claims to be the youngest living man who came to Arizona voluntarily and permanently remained there. You enter his house from the United States, pass over into Mexico, buy a cigar or a bunch of them, at Mexican prices, and then go back into Uncle Sam's domain and smoke them.

Unique Poultry Farm.
Poultry is high in Arizona and feed is cheap in the Mexican State of Sonora. These two facts set the wheels in a lively Yankee's head at work, with the result that there is now a big chicken ranch down on the international boundary line, some miles west of Nogales, one-half of which is the Republic of the United States and the other half in the Republic of Mexico. At feeding time the Yankee drives his egg producers into Mexico, and when they have had their evening meal they come back across the line and go to roost under the Stars and Stripes. —Chicago Times-Herald.

HALL'S
Vegetable Sicilian
HAIR RENEWER
Cleanses the scalp and puts new life into the hair. It restores the lost color to gray hair. It means youth and beauty.

THE GIFTS OF THE CHRISTMAS BELLS.

The silver frost is on the pane,
The snow is on the lawn,
And Bethlehem's star begins to wane
Against the rosy dawn,
As from the steeple swings wide
They greet the golden day,
The joyous bells of Christmastide,
And this is what they say:
"Oh, great and small,
In but and hall,
A merry Christmas to you all!"

"Fair maiden with the cheeks aglow,
Yours be a lover true,
But widow in the weeds of woe,
How shall we comfort you,
Save that to wish above the dead
The snows may lightly rest,
And nightly in your dreams his head
May lie upon your breast?
But great and small,
In but and hall,
A merry Christmas to you all!"

"To yonder preacher, bent and old,
The blessing of the Lord—
And soldier in the blue and gold,
To you a bloodless sword;
Forgiveness with spotted fleece;
The lambs with spotted fleece;
To all the cities to pray;
To all the nations peace;
And great and small,
In but and hall,
A merry Christmas to you all!"
—Minna Irving.

THE NORTH WIND'S CHRISTMAS TOUR.

BY JENNIE WHITE.

I was the last month of the year, and the last half of the last month, the very busiest and most perplexing, as well as the most interesting and delightful time of the year, because it brings with it that day of all days—Christmas.

The Christmas bustle and stir were in full tide all over the globe, and away up in his far northern home the old North Wind was making ready for his December tour around the world. "Bless me!" he blustered, glancing at his calendar—the sun—"the year is almost ended and Christmas will be here in a few days. I must hurry or I'll not get off in time to help Santa Claus with his work, and he is unusually busy this year, I understand, and needs my help."

Now it would have surprised some people, who consider the North Wind a cold, gruff, boisterous old fellow, to hear him talk of taking part in the Christmas festivities, and in the role of helper to good old Santa Claus, too; but he spoke in a very matter-of-fact tone, and went on with his preparations for his journey just as though a Christmas tour and helping Santa Claus were quite a matter of course and the regular order of things with him.

"I'll have to take some pretty cuts around corners and make good time," he puffed, hurrying a few more snow-clouds into the folds of his long cloak, which floated away like a long train behind him, and peering another supply of air into his capacious lungs, and stowing away a blizzard or two in his pockets. "But I think I am equal to it," he continued. "I'm pretty brisk yet, for an old fellow like me—feel as young as a boy." And puffing up his lips, he whistled an air so lively it made the mercury in the thermometers of Greenland drop twenty degrees, and all the men hurried to get into their fur overcoats, and all the mammals gave their little folks an extra dose of whale oil to keep them from taking cold and having the croup.

"Well, I'm off," said the old fellow at last, his preparations completed, and with a whirl of his coat-tails that sent the snow-flakes flying in every direction, away he went, like the whirlwind he is. Up hill and down, through the valley, over lake and river and pond, past field and village and town, he sped, filling the air with flying snow-flakes and covering the earth with ice from his frosty breath.

"It will make Christmas so much merrier for the children and young folks," he roared to himself, for he was going at such a rate and making such a racket, puffing and blowing and wheezing, that he had to roar to hear himself think. "And I noticed that the older folks like a bit of snow and ice too at Christmas, to say nothing of how much easier it makes things for Santa Claus and his reindeer." And on he rushed, chuckling to himself as he went.

"Hello! Guess we're going to have a spell of weather," said the farmer, looking out over his brown meadows. "Mighty glad to see this snow, too. The wheat needed it, and crops are always better when snow sets in at Christmas. Regular northern weather," he added. "Guess maybe I'd better take a load of wood and some potatoes and truck over to

SONG OF THE REINDEER.



trade immensely. We always have a fine trade when we have a cold, snowy Christmas. This change in the weather is worth a thousand dollars to me. I can afford to give the wife and children a pretty good Christmas this time, thanks to old Boreas."

Then came the thought of those to whom Christmas brought no good cheer except as charity bestowed it, and going to his desk, he filled out a check for fifty dollars and sent it to the committee who were arranging a Christmas feast for the poor and neglected of the city.

Meanwhile the North Wind, still speeding on his journey, had reached the warm south land, where the terrible Fever Spectre had been holding high carnival for weeks, seizing upon men, women and children and laying them upon beds of suffering and pain, and in many cases death, bringing to the homes of the land gloom and sorrow and filling all hearts with fear and dread.

"Aha!" said the old North Wind, as he saw the state of things, "this is where I'm needed. I'll soon put an end to this. A pretty Christmas they'd have here if this went on!"

And giving his cloak an indignant whirl, he rushed over the land so fiercely and determinedly that the Fever Spectre, who had hesitated and faltered in his work of destruction at the first icy breath of the North Wind, now dropped everything and fled in terror and dismay before the indignant old fellow's terrible blasts, leaving poor victims pale and weak, but happy and thankful enough over his departure and their escape from his clutches.

"Thank God for this north wind," said the doctor, returning from his round of visits to his patients. "This frost and snow will effectually end the fever's ravages, and we shall have a right Merry Christmas yet."

"There!" panted the North Wind, when he had driven the Fever Spectre to the far-away and uninhabited part of the land, where he could do no mischief, "that finishes my journey, and now I must get back home in time for my own Christmas dinner. I've made pretty good time," he added, shaking his cloak to make sure he had distributed all the snowflakes, and turning his pockets inside out to see that no lazy blizzards were shirking work by hiding there. "And I need not be in such a hurry going back. I'll have time to look around and attend to a little matters that may have escaped me coming down."

So saying, he filled his lungs anew with warm southern air with which to make amends for his unwelcome severity toward any particular spot on his first visit to it, and facing about, started merrily northward, well pleased with himself and his efforts. Nor was he any less gratified as he retraced his steps over his former course and saw the results of his work.

Everywhere he heard exclamations of delight at the Christmas snow and ice, and saw that the preparations for the great Christmas festival were going on with redoubled interest and happiness because of it.

"Pretty good trip," he murmured to himself, for his slackened pace made it possible for him to be less noisy, and his former roar was now a murmur. "Santa Claus will find smooth running over this snow, and some of his business has been taken up by other hands, thanks to my cold breath, so he will not have quite so much to attend to on Christmas Eve. Hello! what's this?" and darting down the chimney of a big tenement house over which he was passing, he brought up a slip of paper on which something was printed in a child's unskilful hand.

"Thought maybe I'd find some little matters to attend to on my way home, and here's one of them now. Looks like one of those letters Santa Claus is always getting from the children. Yes, that's what it is," he continued, blowing the folded sheet open and examining it hastily. "A letter to Santa Claus from some of those poor little fellows in that big, forlorn house. I suppose I missed it when I went this way before, and now it's too late to get it to Santa Claus in time for him to attend to it, for I'll not get

Try Grain-O!

Ask you Grocer to-day to show you a package of GRAIN-O, the new food drink that takes the place of coffee. The children may drink it without injury as well as the adult. All who try it, like it. GRAIN-O has that rich seal brown of Mocha or Java, but it is made from pure grains, and the most delicate stomach receives it without distress. The price of coffee. Sold by all grocers.

Tastes like Coffee
Looks like Coffee
Insist that your grocer give you GRAIN-O. Accept no imitation.

A Bridal Episode.
At a recent fashionable wedding not a thousand miles from Chicago some very picturesque features prevailed. Bowers and flowered terraces decked the grounds of the handsome residence of the bride's father, yachts with gray pennants flying were anchored at the foot of the garden, flower girls and chorus girls led the way to the little neighboring church, singing and strewing roses in the path of the lovely bride, and all was delightfully decorative as high Chicago society art could make it. Along the flower-strewn way the bride slowly advanced, carried on a sedan chair by four stately bearers—her brothers and cousins. These wore tall silk hats, by the way, but that is merely the usual touch of Chicago improvement on the old French styles. At intervals—the four bearers set down their lovely burden—so the story goes—and mopped the moist brows under the tall silk hats. On they moved until again warm and weary! Finally it is told—the brother of the bride leaned to the window of the sedan chair and expostulated:

"Bertha," he said, "for heaven's sake, kick the bottom out and walk; it'll look just the same." —Detroit Free Press.

The Revival of Greek Songs and Dances.
The latest fad in London is the revival of Greek songs and dances. Last week M. Aramis conducted one of these recitals at St. James's Hall and the event may be said to have marked a new departure in the annals of the concert hall. The first part of the programme was devoted to the vocal music of modern Greece. Songs were given with a "choreographic" accompaniment of appropriate gestures supplied by Mlle. Sandrini, premier danseuse of the Paris opera. Medieval French dances followed, in costume, including the pavane, gailarde, bourree, saraband, chaconne, and other characteristic dances of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Then followed the dances of ancient Greece in the beautiful flowing draperies of that period. —New York Journal.

To Cure A Cold in One Day.
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

Pencils Spread Diphtheria.
An investigation of the spread of diphtheria among the pupils of the public schools of Baltimore has led to the conclusion that it is largely caused by the indiscriminate use of pens and pencils.

Chester Star Tobacco—The Best.
Smoke Sledge Cigarettes.

Insurance Companies and the Klondike.
Life insurance companies of Canada have refused policies to persons going to the Klondike.

The misery of it is awful.
USE
ST. JACOBS
OIL
TO CURE
SCIATICA
You'll feel it is worth its weight in gold.

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A Compliment to Eat One.
With certain tribes of the ancient Egyptians, and especially with the tribe called Masagetae, after a man has reached a good age it was considered one of the greatest honors to be slaughtered, cooked and eaten. The victim always went to the block in the happiest frame of mind, and was envied by all other persons who had not as yet reached an age which would allow of their being considered as good for food as well as for a sacred ceremony. It was looked upon as a very great misfortune for a man to die before reaching the age where he might serve the double purpose, and after his death through natural agencies his relatives were considered as disgraced for an allotted number of days, when they might once more hold up their heads. Those who died of disease or accident were not eaten at that time, but were simply jammed into a tight coffin and hustled to some out of the way place.

A LETTER TO WOMEN.

A few words from Mrs. Smith, of Philadelphia, will certainly corroborate the claim that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is woman's ever reliable friend.

"I cannot praise Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound too highly. For nine weeks I was in bed suffering with inflammation and congestion of the ovaries. I had a discharge all the time. When lying down all the time, I felt quite comfortable; but as soon as I would put my feet on the floor, the pains would come back.

"Every one thought it was impossible for me to get well. I was paying \$1 per day for doctor's visits and 75 cents a day for medicine. I made up my mind to try Mrs. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It has effected a complete cure for me, and I have all the faith in the world in it. What a blessing to woman it is!" —Mrs. JENNIE L. SMITH, No. 324 Kauffman St., Philadelphia, Pa.

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